

# CROSS PURPOSES:

A  
F A R C E  
O F  
T W O A C T S,

As it is performed at the  
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L  
I N  
C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

---

D U B L I N :

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and MONCRIEFFE.

M.DCC.LXXIII.



761...1262

The Candid will, I am sure, overlook the faults of this trifle, when they are informed, that it was not originally meant for the stage. The idea was adopted for private amusement, and if it has conduced to that of the Public, the author's end is more than answered.

*January 1st. 1773.*

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

MR. GRUB

CONSOL. his Broker

FRANCIS BEVIL

HARRY BEVIL

GEORGE BEVIL

CHAPEAU, Valet to G. BEVIL

ROBIN, Valet to H. BEVIL

SERVANT to GRUB

MR. SHUTER.

MR. QUICK.

MR. THOMPSON.

MR. PERRY.

MR. WROUGHTON.

MR. LEWES.

MR. DYER.

## W O M E N.

Mrs. GRUB

EMILY, her Daughter

A HOUSEMAID

MAID SERVANTS.

Mrs. GREEN.

Mrs. BULKLEY.

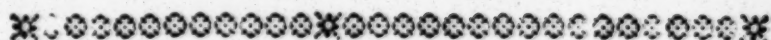
Mrs. KNIVETON.

CROSS





# CROSS PURPOSES.



## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall in George Bevil's House.*

*Enter ROBIN.*

**H**HEYDAY! Here's a house with a witness! Two o'clock and not a soul stirring yet---what a charming thing it is to be quality! For then, one need never do any one thing like the rest of the world-- lie a-bed all day, sit up all night, spend an estate without ever having one, run in debt to every body, pay nobody, laugh at every body, despise every body, and cuckold every body. Oh, what a delightful thing it is to be quality!--But I wonder Mr. Chapeau is not up yet, he does not use to be so late. A sweet fellow---has more of the man of fashion about him, than any servant

in

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in town---I wish I was like him; I strive all I can, but I cannot get his manner.

*A servant-maid crosses the stage with a pail, &c.*

Harkee, my dear, is Captain Bevil at home?

*Maid.* Who, Sir?

*Rob.* What! is there nobody up yet?

*Maid.* Up yet! no, Sir; I believe they are not long gone to bed. Why sure you must be as great a stranger here as I am, to think of finding any one stirring at this time of the day.

*Rob.* A stranger! what then you are a new comer---I don't remember having had the pleasure of seeing you before, my dear.

*Maid.* No, Sir; I have been here but a week; and I don't know yet who it is I live with; Mrs. Sudds, the washerwoman, recommended me; mayhap you may know her.

*Rob.* I am acquainted with the family, but I have not the honour of knowing her.

*Takes snuff.*

*Maid.* And here I am, but I have ne'er seen the face of my master since here I've been. I never hears any thing of him, but when he raps at the door in the morning, and he is always going to bed, just as I begin to think of getting up---What, perhaps, you want to speak to Mr. Chapeau.

*Rob.* Yes, I wish I could see him. You must know I live with your master's elder brother.

*Maid.* Oh, what in the square.

*Rob.* No, no; that's the eldest, the great Squire Bevil; there are three of them---He that lives in St. James's-Square, is, as I told you, the eldest, and has a great fortune; my master studies the law in the Temple, and your master, my dear, is the youngest, and studies nothing at all in the army; he's an officer in the foot-guards. I want to know if he's upon duty, can you tell me?

*Maid.*

## CROSS PURPOSES.

7

*Maid.* Indeed, I can't, Sir ; but I know that he never comes home all night long---I wonder, for my part, what the quality can find to do up so, always, night after night, night after night.

C H A P E A U, *within.*

William ! William !

*Maid.* Oh Lord ! I vow there is Mr. Chapeau up, I must run and wash the steps ; your servant, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Rob.* Your servant, my dear. A good fine girl that ---I must see if she is not to be had. Oh ! here he comes, here he comes.

Enter C H A P E A U.

Ah, Monsieur Chapeau ! How do you do.

*Chap.* Ah, Master Robin ! are you there ? How goes it, my little dapper Robin ?

*Rob.* You have slept it out, with a witness, my dear Sir, it is almost two o'clock.

[*Looking at his Watch.*

*Chap.* Is it, indeed ! why we were up very late at Almack's last night, and lost all our money. Come ; sit down (*drawing a chair.*) A damn'd run against us all night long. But, however, no matter, the worse luck now, the better another time, eh, my little smiling Robin !

*Rob.* Ay, it is to be hoped so, Mr. Chapeau---I think they say that your master has lost considerably of late, has not he ?

*Chap.* Oh ! we have had the cursedest run of ill luck, that ever people had !---and how to raise money upon earth we don't know ; there's not a usurer, not a thief, between this and the Monument, but we have brought to a stand-still, not a penny will they lend us---I believe---though it is the devil to think of that too---but I believe

## CROSS PURPOSES.

believe we must marry somebody; we can't keep our heads above water much longer if we do not.

*Rob.* I should suppose, Mr. Chapeau, that your master had well nigh spent all his fortune by this time.

*Chap.* Spent his fortune! why we did not begin to make a figure, or be at all known in the world, till we had lost all we had.

*Rob.* Why you don't tell me so!

*Chap.* You may stare, but it is very true---We did not begin to have credit, till we had not a farthing left in the world. Ah! Robin, London is the place for credit; pluck up but a good resolution, and you may run in debt as much as you please. Why the tradesmen are all playing as deep a game as our masters. William, bring chocolate.

*Enter SERVANT.*

Or would you rather have tea, Robin?

*Rob.* No, thank you, Mr. Chapeau, chocolate if you please, I have left off tea some time.

*Chap.* Why then bring chocolate.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Rob.* As one don't drink so confoundedly hard as one used to do, I think there's less occasion for tea in a morning. But pray, what might your master have lost last night?

*Chap.* Faith I can't justly say. Bob told me, for you must know, we had a little party with him last night, that at one in the morning he was out nine hundred, and kept calling for Rouleaus till past five, and every one quite worn out, so you may guess.

*[Chocolate brought in.]*

How much do you think I lost last night?

*Rob.* Upon my soul I have no guess---Perhaps a guinea or two.

*Chap.*

*Chap.* Fifty, or may I never rattle a box again. You must know that young Flimzy, Sir Harry Blackball, and some others, were all ballotted in last night, and we had devilish deep play.

*Rob.* What a genteel manner he has! [*Aside.*] Fifty guineas, Mr. Chapeau, why, that will make a horrid hole in your strong box, won't it?

*Chap.* A monstrous one, I can't say but it will. [*sipping chocolate.*] But you must know---don't take any notice of it though---I have been in keeping some time, A certain married woman that---shall be nameless---whose husband is monstrous rich, and keeps a shop in a certain street---that shall be nameless---You have seen her, my little Robin---a monstrous fine girl---She danced with me at the last masquerade---we were both monstrously well dressed---after which we went to a certain house, that---shall be nameless---The husband is damn'd jealous though, and between you and I, I am afraid he wants to get rid of her; so that of late we are grown more circumspect---For though I should like the eclat of a divorce---yet the money at present, the money, my little Robin, you know, is convenient.

*Rob.* O yes, damme---the money to be sure.

[*sipping.*]

*Chap.* Robin, don't you remember meeting me in the Park, about ten days since, with a lady dressed in chintz, ha?

*Rob.* O Lord, ay, very well! She was dressed in a muff too---I remember her; why that you told me, the next day, was a wax-chandler's lady in ---

*Chap.* Hush, you confounded blab you, not a syllable for your life!

[*Clapping his hand to his mouth.*]

*Rob.* Ah, ha! have I smoaked you---Ha, ha, ha!

[*Bell rings.*]

*Chap.* Ha! my master's bell; he is awake then, I find---*Toute à l'heure, Monsieur; toute à l'heure.* But what



what brought you here to day so early, Robin; have you any message?

*Rob.* Yes, my master was not sure but his brother might be on guard, so bid me call and ask. He is at his brother's in the square; I fancy he intends coming down here presently---Some family business in hand, I have a notion.

*Chap.* Ay, they want to raise the devil, cash, I suppose. I fancy it is confounded low with both of them. That curst place, White's, is so full of blacks, the poor lads can't keep a farthing for them. I suppose they want the oldest to lend.

*Rob.* Not my master I warrant you, he's a good manager, sticks close to the law. Why he's to be called to the bar next term. Devilish clever he is, an't he?

*Chap.* O devilish clever---a monstrous genius, Robin.

*Rob.* Very true, Mr. Chapeau, he is very monstrous.

*[The house-maid crosses the stage again.]*

*Chap.* Oh, Jenny! do you know has any body called upon me or my master to day?

*Maid.* Yes, Sir, there have been two ladies and an old cloaths-man to you, and two thin ugly men asked for my master; I believe they be Jews.

*Chap.* Jews! Gadso, they must not be neglected, did they say they would call again?

*Maid.* Yes, one, I think, did say he would call again, and another on 'em left a paper parcel, I put it on the drawing-room table.

*[Exit.]*

*Chap.* It's very well, Jenny. *[Bell rings.]* Well, Robin, you may tell your master that mine is just awake. If he has any business, this is the time to see him. Now or never. Adieu, *au revoir.*

*Rob.* Well, my dear Mr. Chapeau, adieu---Adieu as the French have it.

*[Going.]*  
*Chap.*



# CROSS PURPOSES. 11

*Chap.* But Robin, damme, not a word of the little chandler.---

*Rob.* Oh, upon honour, I'll be close as wax.

*Chap.* Bravo, my little dapper Robin, you improve.

*Rob.* Yes, yes, thanks to you, I shall be something at last, with a little of your assistance. A charming, genteel fellow. [Exit.]

*Chap.* A foolish awkward toad---[*Bell rings.*] I hear you, Sir---What a damned situation after all a servant's is, [*taking snuff*] never at ease, always attending other people's motions---I begin to be monstrous sick of it. As my master is pretty near ruined, I take it he will soon either hang or marry himself; I shall then beg leave to retire and enjoy the fruits of my industry, purchase some genteel fine cure, take a snug box in the country, and kill my own mutton. [Exit.]

*Scene*---a DRAWING-ROOM---a COUCH---FRENCH-CHAIRS---BOOKS---and DRESS-CLOATHS, as if taken off the night before.

*Enter George Bevil in his night-gown, and Chapeau.*

*G. Bev.* My brother Harry's man here do you say?

*Chap.* Yes, Sir, he came from Mr. Bevil's in the square, to know if you were upon duty or not.

*G. Bev.* My brother, I suppose then, will call here, I am glad of it. I shall have an opportunity of letting him into my situation. [*Aside.*] Any body else?

*Chap.* The house-maid says, Sir, two Jews were here before I was up, they said they would call again, and one of them left this parcel.

*G. Bev.* Oh, very well, the writings I suppose---Ay, 'tis so---Lay them down---If they come again I must see them---and if any body is with me shew them into my dressing-room---There's no living without these Israelites. I am an absolute bankrupt with every christian creature, and if my luck does not change shortly, they will find me out at Duke's Place too.

*Enter*

*Enter HARRY BEVIL.*

*H. Bev.* So, George, you are just up I see; you are as regular in your irregularities, I find, as ever---St. James's dial does not better shew the hour of the day, than you do the life of a modern fine gentleman.

*G. Bev.* St. James's dial, Sir, is not as constant to the sun, as I am to my course of life. But how comes it that you are dressed so soon, are you going to dine with any of your patronizing attorneys in Chancery-Lane.

*H. Bev.* No, I dine at this end of the town, but I have business on my hands---business which perhaps may occasion business for my patronizing attorneys, as you are pleased to call them. In short, George, I am upon the brink of matrimony.

*G. Bev.* Indeed! Why that's the very business I was wanting to open to you. I have thoughts of marrying too---In short, Harry, such is my situation at present that formidable as it may be, I must marry, I must find out a wife, whose fortune may set me afloat again, for faith, as matters go, I am sinking very fast.

*H. Bev.* But the question is, where will you find one that can answer your purpose, I am sure she must be handsome or you will never like her; and her fortune must be very handsome, I am very sure, or it will be of no use to you.

*G. Bev.* In both these points, Harry, I have been lucky enough to succeed---During the course of my sauntering duty in the Park, with the nursery maids, I met with a very fine girl, who has a considerable fortune in her own power, but may expect a much greater if she marries with the consent of the old folks---of them I know nothing---The young thing is entirely mine---and I am foolish enough to be in love with her.

*H. Bev.* Simple indeed! And her name is---

*G. Bev.* There you must excuse me---I must be surer of carrying my point, before I open myself farther, even to you---But what, pray, is your situation?

*H. Bev.*

*H. Bev.* Why faith, odd enough, you will say. You have always laughed at me for sticking so close to the old ladies, but at last I am rewarded for it. One I have often seen at Lady Matchem's assemblies, has taken, it seems, so violent an inclination to me, that she has made me an offer of her daughter---'Tis true, I am not acquainted with the girl, I have only seen her at a distance, but she is reckoned handsome, and as I am sure her fortune has numberless charms, I have made up my mind and am resolved.

*G. Bev.* And her name is-----

*H. Bev.* There you must excuse me. As you said, I must be surer of my point, before I open myself, even to you---Lady Matchem has given me the characters of the family, which stand thus---The girl amiable and handsome, with a considerable fortune in her own power; but as you said of yours, if papa and mama consent, may have a much greater. The father is a man who has all his money in the stocks, and though he lives on this side Temple Bar, is as ignorant of good company as if he had never removed from Thames-street; all his time is taken up in listening to news, picking up intelligence, and buying in and selling out accordingly---The mother's only joy is cards and governing her family, which she does with as much authority, as her husband's obstinacy will let her. She has undertaken to open the matter to him, and this afternoon, I am, perhaps, to have the honour of an introduction to him. More I'll tell you when I know more.

*G. Bev.* Have you opened this business yet, to my brother Frank?

*H. Bev.* Not yet. Does he know your plan of operation?

*G. Bev.* No!--I went to him the other day, with an intention of telling him all, and begging his advice and assistance; but unluckily the conversation turning first upon my losses at play, put us both so heartily out of humour, that company coming in, I took the first opportunity of retreating, and have not seen him since. It will be time enough to tell him, when I am a little

B

surer

surer of success. 'The day wears thro', and I have a great deal of business upon my hands, besides dressing. I am laying some of my burthens upon the tribe of Issachar.

*H. Bev.* Who will take care to exonerate themselves, I warrant. How many Jews may your honour have in hand now?

*G. Bev.* Umph! why faith, I believe about a round dozen; but if I marry, I will discard them all, and play a more christian kind of game for the future.

*H. Bev.* Well, success attend you---Perhaps I may look in upon you at Almack's about eleven.

[*Exit.*

*G. Bev.* Chapeau, get my things ready to dress.

[*Exit.*

*Scene changes to GRUB'S House.*

*Enter GRUB alone.*

*Grub.* What a miserable man I am! with a wife that is positive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hundred thousand pounds in the stocks. --I have not had one wink of sleep these four nights for them; any one of them is enough to make any reasonable man mad; but all three to be attended to at once, is too much. *Ah!* Jonathan Grub! Jonathan Grub! riches were always thy wish, and now thou hast them, they are thy torment. Will this confounded broker of mine never come. Let's see, (*looking at his watch*) 'tis time he was come back---Stocks fell three per cent. to-day, and, if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. (*a knocking at the door*) There's Mr. Confol, I am sure. Who's there? Does no-body hear? Open the door, some body. Oh, what infernal servants I have! Open the door for Mr. Confol---I believe there never was any body



body so ill serv'd as I am--nobody to---Oh, Mr. Consol, have they let you in? Well,

*Enter CONSOL.*

what says the ambassador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up, what says the ambassador's porter.

*Cons.* Why, he says---have you heard nothing since.

*Grub.* No, not a syllable, what does he say?

*Cons.* Why he says--Lord how I am fatigued! Ah, 'tis a sign I grow old, as I tell my wife--I ran all the way to tell you.

*Grub.* Well, well, what did he say? what did he say?

*Cons.* Why, he said that his excellency was at home all last night.

*Grub.* Indeed! at home all night--ay, reading the dispatches---a war as sure as can be---Oh! the stocks will fall to the devil to-morrow--I shall lose all I have in the world--Why did I not take Whisper's advice and sell out yesterday, I should have made one and a half per cent. and have been snug? but now---

*Cons.* Why, but you are so hasty, Mr. Grub, you are so hasty, you won't hear me out, you are so hasty, as I tell my wife.

*Grub.* Oh, damn your wife--hear you out, what more have you to say, tell me?

*Cons.* Why, the porter said his excellency was at home all the evening, as I told you before.

*Grub.* Well, zounds, man, you said so before; why do you repeat it? You grow the errantest old fool that I ever saw---But what of his being at home, tell me that.

*Cons.* Why, I will, if you will but hear me out---Was at home all night--All night says I?---Yes, Sir, says he---

*Grub.* Oh, if you are got at your says I's and say's he's---

*Cons.* Nay, pray, Mr. Grub, hear me out.

*Grub.* Well, well, well, I hear you man; but in the mean time, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow--Oh! this cursed Spanish war---I am sure we shall have a Spanish war---I always saw it would come to this---I was sure at the time of the peace that we should have a Spanish war one time or other-- but pr'ythee man, do cut your story short.

*Conf.* Well, well, to cut the story short, when I ask'd him if he could find out, or guess, what made the ambassador stay at home all night, he told me---

*Grub.* What, what?

*Conf.* That the ambassador had a woman playing upon the fiddle to him all the evening.

*Grub.* A woman playing on the fiddle! what to an ambassador of one of the first powers in Europe--- It must be a joke--Why, woulds't thou, else make you believe any nonsense they invent. An old fool.

*Conf.* Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

*Grub.* Have you? Well what is it? None of your says I's and says he's now. I charge you.

*Conf.* Why, who should I meet but our friend Ben Coolen coming hot foot to you from the India-house.

*Grub.* Indeed! Well, dear Consol, what is it?

*Conf.* Why, he says there's great news; India stock is up six per cent. already, and expected to be as much more by Change time to-morrow.

*Grub.* My dear Consol (*embracing him*) I thank you --that revives me--then hurry into the city as fast as you can, and buy as if the devil was in you; that revives me, that's great news indeed--Gad the newspapers have put me into a devilish fright of late.

*Conf.* Yes, Sir; to be sure they do keep a sad rumpus in the papers always.

*Grub.* Damn it, man, I never know what to think, they puzzle me so--Why now of a morning at breakfast ---in the first column, a friend to the stockholders shall tell me, and write very well and sensibly, that we have  
got



got the Indies in our pockets---then that puts me into spirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary---When I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again, another devilish clever fellow says we are all bankrupts, and then the cream turns upon my stomach; however this is substantial, so my dear Consol, lose no time---this revives me---thank you, my dear Consol---you are a very sensible man, and if you could but learn to leave out your says I's and says he's and says they's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in---Come, get you gone, for I have great business in hand---the marriage of my daughter, Consol, or I would go into the city with you myself.

*Cons.* Ah! what you have made up your matters then with Lord Thoughtless.

*Grub.* No, no, Consol, not I indeed; he's none of my man, I promise you---I'll have none of your lords for my son-in-law---that I can tell you.

*Cons.* Ay, ay, very sad times among the quality, as I tell my wife. The Lord help them!

*Grub.* But away, away, dear Consol, and be sure let me hear before bed-time, what you have done---I'll be in the city by seven to morrow morning.

*Cons.* Very well, Mr. Grub---I'll take care, I'll take care. (*Going*)-- Oh! but Mr. Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welch rabbit with me some of these days, as you promised me. I have finished my room: the bow window is finished.

*Grub.* Is it, indeed!

*Cons.* Yes, and charming pleasant it is---I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow-chandler's at the other.

*Grub.* Indeed!

*Cons.* Yes. And not a soul can stir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I see them.

*Grub.* Ay! why that is pleasant! why you have a knack at these things, Consol; you are always improving---You have a knack at these things.

*Car.* Yes, I thank heaven! I am always a doing, now a bit and then a bit. I am always a piddling, as I tell my wife, I am always a piddling.

*Grus.* Yes, yes, depend upon't I'll come---but, dear Confol, make haste now if you love me.

[*Exit Confol*]

~~Well! now this goes as I would have it, this goes as I would have it. If India stock rises six per cent to-morrow, I shall make a great hand of it---But now for this other affair---now for the marriage of my daughter---I am glad I was so fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman---a fine fortune, in parliament, and an economist; three things very much to my mind-- If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it---but she's the devil to deal with---It was lucky I happened to meet with this man, for the women are so agog, now-a-days, that you can't provide too soon for them; and a fine young girl with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, is so tempting an object in this town that the sooner you can get her married and safe out of your hands the better--- Ah!---Now, if I could but double my capital, and bury my wife. (*sighs*) but there is no such thing as real happiness on this side the grave!~~

[*Exit.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II.

*Enter GRUB.*

NOW for this wife of mine—I suppose I shall have a fine piece of work with her to make her approve of this match—nay, ten to one, but as I have found out the man, she for that reason only will set herself against the business—but here she comes. Hum! --- must break it to her by degrees---bring it coolly, and cunningly about---by degrees---

*Enter MRS. GRUB.*

Oh, Mrs. ~~Grub~~ *Bull*! my dear, how d'ye do---What's the news?

*Mrs. Grub.* News! Heavens, Mr. Grub! will you never leave off that filthy vulgar city custom of yours, of asking every body you see for news? news? as if one was a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle, or the Public Ledger. ~~Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the rest of your neighbours? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the saying of my poor dear brother Sir Tympany Tar Barrel~~

~~*Grub.* Your poor dear brother might say what he pleased, but he would never do as I have, leave the city~~

## CROSS PURPOSES.

city and all his old friends, and begin the world, as it were, over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to stir out of Gutter-Lane.

*Mrs. Grub.* Oh, hideous! name it not: but if you are at a loss for friends, why don't you do as I do, ~~take pains to make them?--but no---I must do every~~ thing for the honour and credit of our name, and if I did not go about to the watering places in the summer, ~~with my child, and pick up fashionable company, and make a point of playing high at their assemblies in the~~ winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this side Ludgate---~~Mrs. Deputy this and Mrs. Deputy t'other, and Alderman Cook, and Alderman Gander, pretty creatures to introduce a young lady, with the fortune that Miss Grub will have.~~

*Grub.* ~~Why it is very true, as you say, you have taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain~~ --but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'ye think is dead---Poor Alderman Marrowfat.

*Mrs. Grub.* Oh! the filthy wretch, I'm mighty glad on't---he ought to have died twenty years ago---What was the matter with him?

*Grub.* Apoplexy!--eat as hearty a dinner at Girdler's-Hall, as man could eat, and was dead before he could swallow church and state, stiff before the second toast could go round! ~~And the new paving of the streets killed him---And the fatal effects of luxury! they will never leave their cursed improvements till they have killed us all. But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley, India stock is mounting every minute.~~

~~*Mrs. Grub.* I am very glad to hear it, my dear.~~

~~*Grub.* Yes, I thought you would be glad to hear it; I have just sent Confol to the Alley, to see how matters go. I should have gone myself--but--I--wanted to--~~ open an affair of some importance to you---

*Mrs. Grub.* Ay, ay, you have always some affair of great importance.

*Grub.* Nay this is one--I have been thinking, my dear,

dear, that it was high time we had fixed our daughter, 'tis high time that Emily was married.

*Mrs. Grub.* You think so, do you? I have thought so any time these three years, and so has Emily too, I fancy—I wanted to talk to you upon the same subject.

*Grub.* You did! well I declare that's pat enough, he, he, he? I vow and protest I'm pleased at this—why our inclinations do seldom jump together.

*Mrs. Grub.* Jump, quotha! no, on my conscience I should wonder they did—and how comes it now to pass? What, I suppose you have been employing some of your brokers, as usual, or perhaps, advertizing, as you used to do, but I expect to hear no more of those tricks now we are come to this end of the town.

*Grub.* No, no, my dear, this is no such matter, the gentleman I intend—

*Mrs. Grub.* You intend!

*Grub.* Yes, I intend.

*Mrs. Grub.* You intend—what do you presume to dispose of my child without my consent? Look you, Mr. Grub, as I have always said, mind your money matters, look to your bulls, and your bears, and your lame ducks, and take care they don't make you waddle out of the Alley, as the saying is—but leave to me the management of my child—What! things are come to a fine pass indeed! I suppose you intend to marry the poor innocent to some of your city cronies, your factors, supercargoes, packers and dry-salters; but, thank my stars, I have washed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr. Grub; no, I'll have none of them—it never shall be said that after coming to this end of the town, the great Miss Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a husband.

*Grub.* Why, zounds, are you mad, Mrs. Grub!

*Mrs. Grub.* No, you shall find I am not mad, Mr. Grub; that I know how to dispose of my child, Mr. Grub—what, did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and shall she now be disposed of without consulting me?

*Grub.*



*Grub.* Why the devil is in you, certainly! if you will but hear me, you shall be consulted--have I not always consulted you; was I not inclined to please you, to marry my daughter to a lord, and has she not been hawked about till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn up their noses at you and your daughter? Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtless, and my Lord Maunkin; and did we not agree, for the first time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality only marry, now-a-days, for a winter or so.

*Mrs. Grub.* Very well--we did so--and who pray is the proper person to find out a match for her?--~~who, but her mother, Mr. Grub, who goes into company with no other view, Mr. Grub, who flatters herself that she is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr. Grub.~~ Yes, Mr. Grub, I know mankind as well as any woman on earth, Mr. Grub.

*Grub.* That I believe from my soul, Mrs. Grub.

*Mrs. Grub.* Who then but me should have the disposal of her--and very well I have disposed of her--I have got her a husband in my eye--

*Grub.* You got her a husband.

*Mrs. Grub.* Yes, I have got her a husband.

*Grub.* No, no, no, Mrs. ~~Grub~~, that will never do--What the vengeance, have I been toiling upwards of fifty years--up early, down late, shop-keeper, and house-keeper, made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy. And now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child is in agitation--shall I not speak, shall I not have leave to approve of her husband?

*Mrs. Grub.* Hey day! You are getting into your tantrums, I see.

*Grub.* What, did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening--~~did I not to please you take this house here,~~ nay did I not make the damndest fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and out of a room with the grown gentlemen in



# CROSS PURPOSES.

23

in Cow-lane—Did I not put on a sword too at your desire, and had I not like to have broke my neck down stairs by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical lady what d'ye call 'ems route! and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me!

*Mrs. Grub.* And well they might truly. An obstinate old fool—

*Grub.* Ay, ay, that may be, but I will have my own way—I'll give my daughter to the man I like I'll have no fir this, nor lord t'other—~~I'll have no fellow with a waist down to his knees, and a shirt like a monkey's jacket with a hat not so big as its button, his shoes buckles upon his toes, and a queue thicker than his leg!~~

*Mrs. Grub.* Why, Mr. Grub you are raving, distracted surely. No, the man I propose—

*Grub.* And the man I propose—

*Mrs. Grub.* Is a young gentleman of fortune, discretion, parts, sobriety, and connections—

*Grub.* And the man I propose is a gentleman of abilities. fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue—

*Mrs. Grub.* And his name is —

*Grub.* And his name is ~~Bevil~~ *Willson*

*Mrs. Grub.* Ah! *Willson*

*Grub.* And his name is ~~Bevil~~, I say.

*Mrs. Grub.* ~~Bevil~~ *Willson*

*Grub.* Bevil! a very pretty name too!

*Mrs. Grub.* What, Mr. ~~Bevil~~ of Lincolnshire? *Willson*

*Grub.* Yes, Mr. Bevil of Lincolnshire.

*Mrs. Grub.* Oh, my dear Mr. ~~Grub~~, you delight me, Mr. Bevil is the very man I meant.

*Grub.* Is it possible! why where have you met with him?

*Mrs. Grub.* Oh! at several places, but particularly at Lady Matchem's assemblies.

*Grub.* Indeed! my dear Mrs. ~~Grub~~, let me have one kifs!

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Grub.* Take twenty, my dear Mr. Grub.

[*they embrace.*]

*Grub.* Was ever any thing so fortunate ! Did not I tell you that our inclinations jumped—He, he, he ! But I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you—

*Mrs. Grub.* Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he should never tell me he had met with you ; but I see he is a prudent man, he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him ?—

*Grub.* Why he bought some stock of me, and so we came acquainted : but I am so overjoyed, adod, I scarce know what to say. My dear Mrs. Grub, let's send for the child, and open the business at once to her—I am so overjoyed—who would have thought it ? Let's send for Emily—poor dear little soul, the little thinks how happy we are going to make her.

*Mrs. Grub.* I'll go fetch her—Oh, Betty, bid Miss Grub come down to her papa—Yes, poor soul she will be overjoyed and surprised, so let us, my dear Mr. Grub, be gentle, and calmly drop it to her—Your only fault always was and will be hastiness—Don't be hasty with her.

*Grub.* I won't, Mrs. Grub, I won't—but I am so overjoyed—

*Mrs. Grub.* O pray now don't be a fool—Here comes the poor child—compose yourself my dear—consider the poor child.

*Enter EMILY.*

Emily, my dear, come hither child—your papa and I—

*Grub.* Yes, my dear, your mother and I—

*Mrs. Grub.* Mr. Grub, will you hold your tongue, or I—

*Grub.* My dear, I say no more, I say no more, but harkye—

*Emily.*

*Emi.* So, the usual scene, I find—Something interesting is on foot, I am sure, I suppose a new match has been thought of for me—[*aside.*] I heard you wanted me, papa.

*Grub.* Yes, my dear, but your mother will—

*Mrs. Grub.* Yes, my dear, I will, if you will but get out of my way—Yes, my sweet child, I want you—I am going to ask you a few questions—

*Emi.* Heavens! I hope they have not discovered me.

[*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Grub.* Which I hope you will answer me ingeniously—Come, now don't be disturbed or alarmed. Ah! that enchanting modesty; how she puts me in mind of myself when I was of her age!—But my dear, your Papa and I wish to know, the state of your affections; how is your heart inclined towards the reception of a tender passion?

*Grub.* Ay, my dear, your mother means to ask you, how you are inclined to matrimony? What do you think of a husband, Emily?

*Mrs. Grub.* Mr. Grub, for heaven's sake don't be so gross to the poor child—Come, my dear, you know your papa and I mean only to make you happy—Indulgence was the plan upon which we brought you up.

*Emi.* My dear mama, I should be the most undutiful of daughters, did I not shew a constant and grateful sense of it.

*Mrs. Grub.* Ay, very true; now child, we were always resolved to leave you to yourself in the choice of a husband—I remember my own case; Mr. Grub, my dear, do you remember, I could not abide the sight of you?

*Grub.* Yes, my dear, it's ver y true, I shall never forget it.

*Mrs. Grub.* I believe we were married nigh six weeks before you could get a syllable out of my mouth.

*Grub.* Yes, but you have made it up to me since with a vengeance! but as to love, that always comes, as the old saying is,—

*Mrs. Grub.* O, prythee, none of your filthy old sayings now—Speak Emily.

*Emi.* I hope, my dear mama, I shall ever behave as you would wish me, your kind declarations to me, now, as well as the assurances you and my papa have always given me of an entire liberty in the choice I might hereafter make, call for my warmest acknowledgments, and I should be the most ungrateful of creatures, if, as far as in my power lies, I did not comply——

*Grub.* My dear child, my dear wife, I am the happiest man in the world, the happiest man in the world——

*Mrs. Grub.* My dear Mr. Grub, compose yourself and don't go raving mad—Nay, I knew my sweet soul would be all compliance, and rewarded you shall be for it, we have found you a husband, that——

*Emi.* Ah!

*Grub.* Ay, we have got you such a husband, my dear——

*Mrs. Grub.* Ha! Why methinks you change colour at the news, Emily! I beg, my sweet soul, you won't be alarmed.

*Emi.* Your pardon, my dearest mother, I must be alarm'd, and own to you my reasons for it. Your very humane declarations, that you will never force me in an object of such importance, gives me spirits and confidence, to tell you that I have already disposed of my heart.

*Mrs. Grub.* How!——

*Grub.* What!——

*Mrs. Grub.* Am I awake?

*Grub.* No surely—we are in a dream.

*Emi.* Oh, heav'n's Sir! dearest mama, don't terrify me with those looks.

*Mrs. Grub.* Dispos'd of your heart!

*Grub.* Dispos'd of your heart with a vengeance——

*Mrs. Grub.* When?

*Grub.* Where?

*Mrs. Grub.* To whom?

*Grub.* Ay, to whom, I say?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Grub.* Where, and when was it?—Who is he?  
—Tell me all about it this instant.

*Grub.* Was there ever such an artful baggage!—Oh, I am the most miserable man in the world! the most miserable man in the world!

*Mrs. Grub.* After all my pains!—After all the money I have spent in going to Tunbridge and Bath, to Margate and Harrowgate, fresh water and salt water!

*Grub.* Oh, Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub!—This is the blessed effect of your jauntings and journies—~~with as~~  
~~four a box upon Clepham common—~~ which I think by  
~~far the finest part of England, and every thing handsome~~  
~~about you, you could not be contented—~~ and because  
~~there's not a British body of quality now a days, but a~~  
~~summer in their own houses, as they ought to do, you~~  
~~must be driving away to all the watering places too,~~  
~~and slip dash, all of a sudden, when I can think on't,~~  
~~away I am by't the devil knows where—~~ ha!—then,  
such plungings and pumpings, such divings and dip-  
pings, as if you had been bit by all the mad dogs in the  
kingdom!

*Emi.* My dearest father hear me—chance brought me acquainted with a gentleman, who is, I am certain, if you did but know him, the man in the world you would wish me to have--a man, amiable in the highest degree.

*Mrs. Grub.* Yes, yes, very likely truly.

*Grub.* Ay, ay, a very pretty fellow to be sure.

*Emi.* Yes, I must own, he has insinuated himself into my heart, and made on it the most indelible impression---

*Mrs. Grub.* Very fine, truly! I say impression, indeed!--after all our indulgence---

*Grub.* Ay, after all our indulgence-- who was ever better dressed at my lord-mayor's balls-- But who in the devil's name is he?

*Mrs. Grub.* Ay, who is he? speak, who is he? what's his name, urchin?

*Emi.* His name is---Bevil.



## CROSS PURPOSES.

*Mrs. Grub.* Ha!--

*Grub.* What!--

*Emi.* I said his name is Bevil.

(In a fright,)

*Mrs. Grub.* Bevil! what, Bevil of Lincolnshire?

*Grub.* Ay, Bevil of ~~Lincolnshire~~ *the Bath*

*Emi.* Yes, I think I have heard him talk of going into Lincolnshire.

*Grub.* Tol lol deroi!--My dear child, my dear wife!--

*Mrs. Grub.* My dear daughter -- My sweet Mr. Grub!

*Grub.* I am the happiest man in the world, the happiest man in the world! -- Who could have thought it!

~~*Emi.* What can all this mean!~~

~~*Mrs. Grub.* Ah, my dear child, you have surely inherited all the penetration of your mother, with that strong likeness of my poor dear brother -- Why, my dear, that Mr. Bevil is the very identical person we have had in view for you.~~

*Emi.* Oh, my dear mama, is it possible!

*Grub.* Ay, by the lord is it, so say no more, but kiss your own dear papa, you sweet little cherubim.

~~*Mrs. Grub.* But, my dear, it is very odd he should be acquainted with the child, and never once hint it to us.~~

*Grub.* Oh, not at all. I see thro' it, I see thro' it; he is a notable one, I see; he wants to have all our consents separately, that he may be the more certain of our affections.

*Mrs. Grub.* Nay, it must be so: and did he never say that he had met with your papa or me?

*Emi.* Never, I am very much surprized at it, but I am so happy in your concurrence with my wishes, that it almost overcomes me. This sure, is the oddest event that ever happened.

(Aside, and walking up the stage.)

*Mrs. Grub.* Now, my dear, I think we may say, that we are completely happy.

*Grub.*



*Grub.* Yes, my dear, we are indeed — Such a dear, good child, and such a respectable son-in-law — The baggage knows how to chuse herself a husband — he, he, he! — He's as handsome a black man, I think, as ever I saw —

*Mrs. Grub.* Black, Mr. Grub! why, surely, your eyes begin to fail you — he's as handsome a fair man, indeed, as ever I saw.

*Grub.* Fair! --- No, no, no; I know complexions better than that comes to.---He's black, I tell you.

*Mrs. Grub.* But he is fair, I tell you.

*Grub.* And, I say, he is black.

*Mrs. Grub.* Black!

*Grub.* As a dot of ink.

*Mrs. Grub.* Why, child, Emily, my dear, what do you say, is he a black or a fair man?

*Emi.* In my opinion, he is neither one nor the other.

*Mrs. Grub.* Well, it does not signify disputing, as he will be here presently, we shall see which of us is right.

*Grub.* Here!--How do you know that? *must*

*Mrs. Grub.* I appointed him to ~~call on~~ *must be* me this evening, and the hour draws nigh.

*Grub.* Why I appointed him to ~~be here~~ *must be* between six and seven too!--he, he, he!--~~Our inclinations have jumped most marvelously to day.~~

*Emi.* I received a note from him, about two hours since, telling me that he would be here about seven. I must own, thinking you would be out of the way, I permitted him to come here, for the first time.

*Grub.* And he never said a syllable to either of us, and pretended not to know us. Ha, ha, ha! that's very good!--~~(looks at his watch)---but it's time he was come, tho' perhaps the business of the house may detain him---I don't believe they are up yet.~~

*Mrs. Grub.* The house! what house?

*Grub.* The House of Commons. You know he is a member of parliament, I suppose child.

## CROSS PURPOSES.

*Mrs. Grub.* Not I, indeed, I know no such thing, I know he's not in parliament.

*Grub.* But I tell you he is.

*Mrs. Grub.* That's a very pretty story, indeed. Emily, child, do, speak to your father, and don't let him expose his ignorance and obstinacy so unmercifully.---Is not he studying the law in the temple, my dear?

*Grub.* Don't he live in St. James's-Square, my sweet?

*Emi.* No, indeed, papa; he is an officer in the guards, and lives in Pall-mall.

*Mrs. Grub.* The girl is distracted, sure, and will distract us too, I believe.

*Grub.* I never heard such confounded nonsense. You are both mad, I believe.

~~Enter a Servant.~~

*Serv.* A gentleman below desires to speak to my master.

*Grub.* Oh, he's come, I suppose---now we shall see who's a fool---who's obstinate, and who's ignorant. Where is he?

*Serv.* I shewed him into the parlour, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Grub.* O very well, I'll go down and shew him up. Now we shall see, now we shall know who he is, and what he is.

[*Exit.*

*Enter a Maid-Servant to Mrs. GRUB.*

*Maid.* Madam, the gentleman you expected is come, and in your dressing-room waiting for you.

*Mrs. Grub.* Yes, yes, I know he is come; but he is below stairs,\* your master is just gone down to him.

*Maid.* No, Madam, that is somebody come in just now; the gentleman you mean, Ma'am, has been here this half hour. As you and my master seemed to be at high words, I did not choose to come in.

*Mrs.*

# CROSS PURPOSES.

31

*Mrs. Grub.* Oh, then it seems your papa has got somebody to do upon business with him. I'll go to Mr. Bevil, and make my apologies to him for detaining him so long. [Exit.]

*Emi.* This is, surely, the strangest affair that ever happened. What can they mean? I have no idea of it. I think Mr. Bevil would never enter privately into engagements with them, and not mention it to me----- but I am glad it's come to this crisis, the sooner it's over the better; I am heartily tired of these violent disputes and wrangles every minute.

*Enter EMILY's Maid.*

*Maid.* Madam, the gentleman's come, he is in the blue room, and nobody has seen him.

*Emi.* Good Heavens! What can all this mean? I'll go this instant to him, perhaps he may be able to explain it to me. [Exit.]

*Enter GRUB.*

*Grub.* Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub, Mr. ~~Bevil~~ *Wilson* is come *my* my dear.

*Enter Mrs. GRUB.*

*Mrs. Grub.* Yes, my dear, I know he is come, ~~he is in my dressing room here~~ *See him your self.*

*Grub.* ~~In your dressing room! Why does the devil possess you still! why he is in the stairs coming up with me, he only stopped to speak to his chairmen.~~ *See*

*Mrs. Grub.* ~~That's very pleasant, truly, you are obstinate to the last I see, you strange wretch you. But I'll show you that Mr. Bevil is up here with me.~~ *g*

[Goes to a door.]  
*Grub.*

## CROSS PURPOSES.

*Grub.* And I'll shew you that Mr. Bevil is ~~down~~ here with me. (*Goes to the room door.*) Oh, Mr. ~~Bevil~~ pray, Sir, walk in—~~Take care, the stairs are rather of the darkest.~~

*Mrs. Grub.* Mr. Bevil, Sir, pray, ~~walk into this room.~~

*Enter FRANK and HARRY BEVIL, at opposite Sides.*

*F. Bev.* My brother Harry here! this is very odd!

[*Aside.*

*H. Bev.* My brother Frank! this is very strange!

[*Aside.*

*Grub.* Here's Mr. Bevil, my dear. [*turning about.*

*Mrs. Grub.* No, my dear, this is Mr. Bevil.

*Grub.* That! who the devil is that?

*Mrs. Grub.* Mr. Bevil, I tell you. Who is that with you?

*Grub.* Why, who should it be, but Mr. Bevil?

*Mrs. Grub.* Hey-day! What can all this mean? Why, where is Emily, where is the child?

*Grub.* Ay, where is the child? Where is Emily?

*Enter EMILY.*

*Mrs. Grub.* Here Milly, my dear, here is Mr. ~~Bevil~~ come to see you.

*Grub.* No, no, no, child; here is Mr. ~~Bevil~~

*Emi.* Where, Sir.

*Grub.* Here; this is he.

*Mrs. Grub.* No, no, no; this is he. [*Turning her.*

*Grub.* No, no, no; this is he. [*Turning her.*

*Emi.* No, indeed, papa, that is not the gentleman; I never had the pleasure of seeing him before.

*Grub.* No! Why zounds-----

*Mrs. Grub.* No, no, no; I knew he was mistaken; I saw he did not know what he was doing--but you are an obstinate brute--I knew that my Mr. ~~Bevil~~ here--

*Emi.*

*Emi.* Who, Madam, that gentleman?

*Mrs. Grub.* Yes, my dear, this is Mr. ~~Bevil~~ *Wilsen*

*Emi.* No, indeed, mama, that is not he.

*Mrs. Grub.* Ha! what not he! Who is he then?

*Grub.* Ay, speak; Who is he, then?

*Emi.* Indeed I don't know who the gentleman is.

*Grub.* But who is your Mr. ~~Bevil~~ then? Where is he, to fill up this concert? *Wilsen*

*Enter GEORGE BEVIL.*

*G. Bev.* Here I am, at your service, Sir.

*F. Bev.* George here---nay then the mystery's out.

*H. Bev.* This is very ridiculous, faith.

[*Afide.*

[*Afide.*

*Grub.* The most impudent fellow I ever saw! Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask you, who, in the devil's name, are you?

*G. Bev.* Sir, I have the honour to call myself ~~Bevil~~ *Wilsen*.

*Mrs. Grub.* Pray, Sir, do you know either of these gentlemen?

*G. Bev.* Oh! impostors, Madam, impostors! I am the only ~~Bevil~~ breathing. Ha, ha, ha.

*F. Bev.* Come, Sir, I'll explain this mystery: We are brothers; we have all been to close in this business, that we have unavoidably ran counter to one another---and as George seems to have plann'd his operations with more propriety than we did, and made fun of the lady's affections, with pleasure I shall quit the field, and bow to his superior merit.

*H. Bev.* My dear George, you know me too well to doubt of my being in the same sentiments.

*Grub.* My dear, what do you think of this business?

*Mrs. Grub.* Why I think, my dear, that as we can't help ourselves, we may as well make the best on't. What's done can't be undone, and it's well it's no worse, as was always the saying of my poor dear brother, Sir Tympany.

*Grub.* Egad I believe he was right, and I may as well make the best on't; for if I don't give her away, she'll



she'll throw herself away. But I hope you won't follow the example of the great; there is such work among them!

*G. Bev.* Dear Sir, don't nourish such strange prejudices. The great have their follies, 'tis true, but they have also their virtues, as well as the rest of mankind; and there are among them many shining objects of imitation: we should consider, Sir, that the Greatest Couple in the nation is the best and happiest in it.

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